BEHIND THE BATTLE FRONT AT BORDEAUX IN SEPTEMBER

Continued from First Page.

things. We look in our books, where records of all our experiments are kept, and there we find that we tried that new thing in 1856—or 1756 perhaps."

Far underground we came on some of the huge majorums, big as nine ordinary bottles. "The King of Spain ran over to Bordeaux one day, and came to us and said: 'I've got two hours; what can you show me?' We said: 'We can show you our cellars.' 'Very well,' said he, 'go ahead.' When he came to the majorums he said: 'What on earth do you do with those?' 'They are used when there is a christening or a wedding or some great event, and when a king visits us we give him two.'"

So they sent the majorums to the young King, and the king sent back a polite note, just as if he were anybody else, and that is all of that story.

Most of the newspapers which followed the government to Bordeaux have returned to the capital, but that "Intransigeant" government baiter, the venerable Georges Clemenceau, still continues his vivacious bombardment from close range. His paper was formerly *L'Homme Libre* (The Freeman), but on being suppressed for a few days this fall by the censor its octogenarian editor gayly changed its name to The Chained Man—*L'Homme Enchaine*—and continued fire.

The Mayor of a Paris commune in '71, Prime Minister from 1906-09, the editor of various papers, and Senator now, Clemenceau is properly feared, and he was offered, it is said, a place in the present Government, but would accept no post but the highest. He preferred his role of political realist and critical privateer, a sort of Mr. Shaw of French politics, hitting a head wherever he sees one.

We found Mr. Clemenceau in his lodgings late one afternoon—a leonine old gentleman bundled up in cap and overcoat before a little grate fire, while a secretary ran through the big heap of letters piled on the bed. In the corner of the room was a rolltop desk, the sanctum evidently of *The Chained Man*.

As Mr. Clemenceau was insistent that he should not be interviewed I may not repeat the exceedingly lively talk on all sorts of people and things with which he regaled us once—and it didn't take long—he "got going."

One purely personal little bit of information may be passed on, however, in the hope that it may be as interesting to other practitioners of a rather laborious trade as it was to me.

We were talking of the facility with which he reeled off day after day columns of flexible, lively and finished prose, and I asked whether he wrote in long hand, dictated or used a typewriter.

This question seemed to amuse and interest the old war horse greatly. He went to his desk and brought back a sheet of paper half of which was covered with a small, firm handwriting. It was his next day's broadside not yet finished.

"There is nothing mysterious about it," he said. "I get up at half past 3 every morning. I am at that desk most of the day; I go to bed at 9 o'clock. If I had to write a banal note it might take time, but there are certain ideas which I have worked with all my life. I worked a good many years without expressing them; they are all in my head, and when I want them I've only got to take them out. I am 83 years old, and if I couldn't express myself by this time"—the old gentleman lifted his eyebrows, smiled whimsically and with a quick movement of the shoulders and hands unmistakably French concluded—"it would be a public calamity—a malheur public!"

I thought of the padded lives of some of our literary charlatans and editorial gold bricks at home, of the clever young artists ruined as painters by becoming popular illustrators, the young writers content to substitute overpaid banality and bathos for honest work, and I must confess that the sight of this indomitable old fighter, who had known great men and held high place in his day, and now at 83 got up before daylight to pound out in long hand his columns of vivid prose, stirred every drop of what you might call one's intellectual sporting blood. Of his opinions I know little, of the justice of his attacks less, and, to be quite frank, I suspect he is something of a trouble maker. But as he stood there, bundled up in his overcoat and cap, in that chilly lodging house room, witty, unsubdued, full of fight and of charm, he seemed to stand for that wonderful French spirit—for its ardor and penetration, its fusion of sense and sensibility, its tireless intelligence and unquenchable fire.

Street scene in Bordeaux.

The Consul of Cognac! It sounded like a musical comedy when we met on the steamer last August; not quite so odd when we bumped into each other in Bordeaux the other day, and now it appears that it means, in addition to being a studious and well informed young University of Virginia man, thoroughly acquainted with the people he has to deal with, living in a charming old town where the towers of Francis the First's castle still stand, rowing on a charming old river in the summer and in these days hearing a charming old French gentleman, Vice-Consul, tell how he fought against the Prussians in 70.

Cognac is a real place, it appears—an old town of 20,000 people or so—and it is really where cognac comes from, all other brandies being, of course, as one will learn here, mere upstart eaux-de-vie. We went through some of the cellars today, as venerable and vast as the claret cellars in Bordeaux, although not quite as interesting perhaps, because not so "alive." For wine is a living thing, as the man said in Bordeaux, and it must be ignobly boiled and destroyed before turning into a distilled spirit. To some this pale spiritual essence may possess a finer poetry—the caves are more fragrant at any rate.

All the young men had gone to the front—their wages continued as usual—and the work was carried on by women and old servitors, scarcely one of the latter under 70. They were pointed out as examples of the beneficent effect of true cognac—these old bons enfants who had inhaled the slightly pungent fragrance of the cellars and bottling rooms all their lives. You get this perfume all over Cognac. It comes wandering down old alleyways, out from under dark arches, people live literally in a fine mist of it. The very stones are turned black by the faint fumes.

There must be scores of towns south of Paris which look more or less like this—the young men gone or drilling in the neighborhood, the schools turned into hospitals, the little old provincial hotels sheltering families fled from Paris. There are several such at our hotel, nice, comfortable people; you might think you were in some semi-summer resort hotel at home—Ridgefield, Conn., for instance, in winter time.

The making of cognac occupies nearly every one one way or another and it has made the place next to the richest town of its size in France. They make the cognac and they make the bottles for it in a glass factory on a hill overlooking the town—about as airy and pleasant a place for a factory as one could imagine. The molten glass is poured in moulds, the moulds closed—past! a stream of compressed air turned in, the bottles blown, and there you are—a score or so of them turned out every minute.

As we came out of the furnace room into a chilly afternoon a regiment of reservists tramped in from a practice march in the country. Some were young fellows, wearing uniforms for the first time apparently; some looked like convalescents drafted back into the army. They took one road and we another and half an hour later swung down the main street of Cognac behind a chorus of shrilling bugles. All over France south of Paris they must be marching like this these frosty afternoons.

Coming up from Bordeaux the other night we missed the regular connection and had to spend the night at Saintes. The tall, quizzical, rather grim old landlady of the neat little Hotel de la Gare, characteristic of that rugged France which tourists who only see a few streets in Paris know little about, was plainly puzzled. There we were, two ablebodied men, and P——, saying nothing about being Consul, merely remarked that he lived in Cognac.

"In Cognac?" the old woman repeated, looking from one to the other, and then added, as one putting an unanswerable question: "But you are not soldiers?"

We went out for a walk in the frosty air before turning in. There was scarce a soul in the streets, but at the other end of the town a handful of young fellows passed on the other side singing. They were boys of the 1915 class who had been called out and in a few days would be getting ready for war. In Paris you will see young fellows just like them, decorated with flags and feathers, driving round town in rattletrap wagons like picnic parties returning on a summer night at home. Arm in arm and keeping step, these boys of Saintes were singing as they marched:

"Il est rouge et noir et blanc,
Et fondu au derriere—a.'"

"He's red, white and black,
And split up the back."

They saw themselves, doubtless, marching down the streets of Berlin as now they were marching down the streets of Saintes, and they kept flinging back through the frosty dark:

"Il est rouge—et noir—et blanc—
Et fondu—au derriere—a . . ."

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What Happened in an Altai Village When Russia Mobilized Her Cossacks

People So Isolated on Frontier of Mongolia That It Was Days Before Troops Knew Who They Were Going to Fight

By STEPHEN GRAHAM.

I WAS staying in an Altai Cossack village on the frontier of Mongolia when the war broke out, twelve hundred versts south of the Siberian railway, a most verdant resting place with majestic fir forests, snow crowned mountains range behind range, green and purple valleys deep in larkspur and monkshood. All the young men and women of the village were out on the grassy hills with scythes, the children gathered currants in the wood each day, old folk sat at home and sewed furs together, the pitch boilers and charcoal burners worked at their black fires with barrels and scoops, and athwart it all came the message of war.

At 4 A. M. on the 31st of July the first telegram came through—an order to mobilize and be prepared for active service. I was awakened that morning by an unusual commotion and going into the village street saw the soldier population collected in groups, talking excitedly.

My peasant hostess cried out to me: "Have you heard the news? There is war!" A young man on a fine horse came galloping down the street, a great red flag hanging from his shoulders and flapping in the wind, and as he went he called out the news to each and every one: "War! War!"

Horses out, uniforms, swords! The village feldscher took his stand outside our one Government building, the Volostnoe pravlenie, and began to examine horses. The Czar had called on the Cossacks, they gave up their work without a regret and burned to fight the enemy.

Who was the enemy? Nobody knew. The telegram contained no indications. All the village population knew was that the same telegram had come as came ten years ago when they were called to fight the Japanese. Rumors abounded. All the morning it was persisted that the Yellow Peril had matured and that the man between the ages of 18 and 43. Astonishing that Russia should at the very outset begin to mobilize her reservists five thousand versts from the scene of hostilities!

Flying messengers arrived on horses breathless and steaming and delivered packets into the hands of the ataman, the head man of the Cossacks, the secret instructions. Fresh horses were at once given them and they were off again within five minutes of their arrival in the village.

The great red flag was mounted on an immense pine pole at the end of our one street and at night it was taken down and a large red lantern was hung in its place. At the entrance of every village such a flag flew by day, such a lantern by night.

The preparations for departure went on each day and I spent much time watching the village "vet" certifying or rejecting mounts. A horse that could not go fifty miles a day was not passed. Each Cossack brought his horse up, plucked its lips apart to show the teeth, explained marks on the horse's body, mounted it bareback and showed its paces. The examination was strict; the Cossacks had a thousand miles to go to get to the railway at Omsk. It was necessary to have strong horses.

On the Saturday night there was a melancholy service in the wooden village church. The priest in a long sermon looked back over the history of Holy Russia, dwelling chiefly on the occasion when Napoleon defiled the churches of "Old Mother Moscow" and was punished by God. "God is with us," said the priest; "victory will be ours."

Sunday was a holiday and no preparations were made that day. On Monday the examination of horses went on. The Cossacks brought also their uniforms, swords, hats, half shubas, overcoats, shirts, boots, belts, all that they were supposed to provide in the way of kit, and the ataman checked and certified each soldier's portion.

On Thursday, the day of setting out, there came a third telegram from St. Petersburg. The vodka shop, which had been locked and sealed during the great temperance struggle which has been in progress in Russia, might be opened for one day only.

What scenes there were that day! All the men of the village had become soldiers and pranced on their horses. At 8 o'clock in the morning the holy water basin was taken from the church and placed with triple candles on the open sun blazed mountainside. The Cossacks met there as at a rendezvous, and all their womenfolk in multifarious bright cotton dresses and tear stained faces walked out to say a last religious good-by.

The bareheaded, long haired priest came out in vestment of violet blue, and behind him came the old men of the village carrying the icons and banners of the church; after them the village choir, singing as they marched. A strange mingling of sobbing and singing went up to heaven from the crowd outside the wooden village, this vast irregular collection of women on foot clustered about a long double line of stalwart horsemen.

The consecration service took place, and only then did we learn the almost incredible fact that the war was with Germany.

It made the hour and the act and the place even more poignant. I at least understood what it meant to go to war against Germany and the destiny that was in store.

"God is with you," said the priest in his sermon—the tears were running down his face the while—"God is with you, not a hair of your heads will be lost. Never turn your backs on the foe. Remember that if you do you endanger the eternal welfare of your souls. Remember, too, that a letter, a postcard, one line, will be greedily read by all of us who remain behind. God bless His faithful slaves."

When the lesson was read there was a great scramble among the soldiers to get their heads underneath the Bible. They looked true "slaves of God," these soldiers on their knees in the blazing sunlight, the great Bible on their bushy heads. Each soldier dismounted and prostrated himself in the prayers, each soldier at the last kissed the cross in the priest's hand and was anointed on the brow with holy water.

And when anointed he passed away from the priest, leading his horse by the bridle. He sought out mother and wife in the waiting throng, embraced them and was blessed, amid sobbings that wrung the heart.

Away! Away! Two miles from the village an ox had been killed and was being cooked by the side of the road and gallon bottles of vodka waited in the grass. The soldiers got into saddle again and rode out through the crowds of women, old men, children. And a great number followed them to the place of picnic.

The ox was cooked over a great fire by the riverside, the green birches withering in the smoke. The Cossacks came up quickly and, getting down from their horses, tied them to the trees. Buckets and kettles and glasses were brought forth from a shed, also many plates, but no tables. There was soup and roast beef and vodka for all comers.

First of all the gallon bottles of spirit were emptied into the buckets and kettles and distributed among the men, the men themselves officiating. There were drinks all round and healths to the Czar and to Russia and to themselves.

While the vodka was being thus purveyed the caldrons were receiving attention and directly the toasts were drunk the soup was dealt out, each man holding his plate as he stood and putting his lips to the hot liquid, blowing it and trying to drink it—there were no spoons. Meat was carved and taken promiscuously to eat and then the vodka was finished. Only a very limited quantity had been supplied, but enough to inflame the emotionalized souls of men so lately taken through a moving religious ceremony, so lately touched to tears by the farewell to home.

One man held up a ruble, showing the emperor's face, and all the soldiers sang "God save the Czar" and then danced round the coin.

The ataman was taken, hoisted shoulder high and thrown three times into the air and caught again with cheers, a great stout bearded military official. A number of soldiers even came up to me and laid their hands on me, saying:

"Pozvoltye vas raskatchat!" ("Let's give you a swing!")

I had difficulty in getting away.

The roaring little river rushed along under the birch trees, the horses waited in the green shade, the men danced and sang, the women sobbed and keened.

There was an hour of it, and then the officer in command gave the word, and all the men were in the stirrup again.

The long journey and farewell began in earnest. Even so, women on horseback accompanied their husbands twenty or thirty miles and then said good-by and even watched them out of sight as they dipped with the dust into the horizon. So Russia sent off her men from the frontier of Mongolia to fight on the far off plains of Austria and Poland.

The day after the setting out of the Cossacks I decided to follow, hiring first the post and then the zemsky horses. It was like following a reaping.

Wherever I went all the able bodied men had gone before me; there were only old men, women and children remaining. Boys of 12 and 13 were in charge of the Government horses; women who could neither read nor write had charge of the post stations. Graybeards worked with girls in the haymaking fields.

Outside every village hung by day the red flag of war; every night a great red lantern with baleful light.

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He's Not "M. de Bethmann."

PARIS, Dec. 18.—Jacques de Bethmann writes to the *Temps* to protest against that paper's error in referring to Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg as "Monsieur de Bethmann." The writer states that it was only by means of a "scrap of paper" that the Imperial Chancellor came by the Bethmann in his name. One of his ancestors, a simple Herr Hollweg, obtained a decree in 1780 authorizing him to add his wife's name to his own.

Germany Disowns Jaques-Dalcroze, Inventor of Rhythmic Gymnastics

Because of His Protest Against the Bombardment of Rheims Cathedral, Artist Is Excommunicated From Hellerau

JAQUES-DALCROZE is home again in Lausanne, Switzerland.

At a private dance there the other night eight young women out of fifteen showed by their suave movements that they had practised dalcroze eurythmics.

By the little graces of their hands and arms, their harmonies of limbs, waists, shoulders, attitudes—and all unconscious, mind you!—they made their male partners look like jumping jacks.

If you ask me why there is more grace to the square inch in Lausanne than in Paris and London combined, I answer that numbers of the marriageable girls here, when they were little, danced and sang the rounds and gesture songs of Jaques-Dalcroze, which have since been adopted by the maternal schools of Paris and the Berlin High School.

Surely you remember all those photographs of the Vaudois festival and girls dancing through the fields, leaping in a ring, heels kicking back and faces upturned to the sun?

His departure was an artistic and financial loss to Lausanne and a correspondent calls to Hellerau [illegible] Dalcroze, undisputed inventor of rhythmic gymnastics, musical composer of original talent and gifted symphonist in lyric drama, incomparable in childish rounds and scenes and pedadogue of the first order, attracted to the Institute Jacques-Dalcroze of Hellerau thousands of pupils, including educators, social scientists and dancing masters of all nationalities, ages and sexes, to drink, as it were, at the genuine fountain of physical-emotional grace.

A child, you understand, brought up on Dalcroze rounds has something of a veritable cinch to start in life with, for the little song and dance scenes are at once seeing and doing lessons in grace and manners.

Jaques Dalcroze.

On which came the war.

They continued singing and dancing in Germany. Dalcroze could scarcely obtain his vacation in August and September.

He was at home in Lausanne when Louvain was burned and looted. He was troubled, but he waited. He felt sure it must be some immense mistake—he had not taught the burning of universities and libraries "or anything approaching it" in his eurythmics.

During the bombardment of Rheims cathedral Dalcroze was at Geneva. This time there could be no doubt—eurythmics were in danger. He ran his fingers through his hair, to give his brain more air. What would the [illegible] Dalcroze responsible for Hellerau, must disengage eurythmics from suspicion. So, with a fevered pen, he went and sat down and signed the protest of Swiss intellectuals and artists:

"We, the undersigned, Swiss citizens, violently moved by the unjustified bombardment of the cathedral of Rheims—coming after the wilful burning of the historic and scientific riches of Louvain—reprove, with all our forces, an act of barbarism which strikes at all humanity in one of the noblest witnesses of its moral and artistic greatness."

Some one said to Dalcroze:

"Look out. You've got a big stake in Germany."

He smiled superior.

"At Hellerau," he said, "they understand eurythmics."

Now comes the queer part.

Two weeks later there arrived in Lausanne six men in black frock coats from the inward parts of Germany and three from Hellerau.

The delegation went in taxicabs to Dalcroze's home and told him that he ought to sign another paper.

Which they fetched out from their pockets.

It was a retraction, an apology and a regretting of the error by which Jacques-Dalcroze had butted into the matter of the Rheims cathedral.

"But," said Dalcroze, "it's all against eurythmics."

On which they fetched out another paper from their pockets. It was what the old time rovers used to call "the Black Spot." It deposed Dalcroze. It excommunicated him from Hellerau. They served it on him and returned home by the night train.

Three days later the *Frankfurter Zeitung* published the following notice from the institution:

"In consequence of the numerous attacks of which Jaques-Dalcroze has been the object because of his signature attached to the regrettable protest of Geneva we declare that our former artistic director occupied only the position of an employee in the institute and that we decline all responsibility for his errors and lack of tact outside the limits of it.

"Because of the value of his method it had been sought previously from Berlin to bring Dalcroze into Germany. Dr. Dohren and his friends finally succeeded in attracting him to Hellerau. There was born, thanks to German capital and idealism, an enterprise which in a short time encouraged the adoption of the method in the greater part of German cities, the Berlin High School and the important conservatories and which, after the representation of 'Orphee,' won the unanimous suffrages of press and public.

"We should remember all this and separate the more willingly the person and the thing, for the reason that the Institute and its German pupils are ready for such a separation. We may add that Germany will have no more to do with Dalcroze because he refused, in spite of all the enlightenment given him, to withdraw his signature. In Germany we shall simply group together an association of teachers who profess the method of Hellerau."

Jaques-Dalcroze is still bewildered when he lets his mind dwell on it.

Regularly he is too busy.

Grace is on tap again at Lausanne.

His native town is delighted. A musical genius of such originality and energy cannot inhabit a place without things happening—orchestral novelties, children's festivals, school operettas, dancing classes and a joyous propaganda of musical hygiene.

Sweet, innocent and wise Lausanne!

As for Dalcroze, busy man, he has not time to calculate the fortune he has lost at Hellerau.

The best years of his life, the joy of building up a great institution, the fruit and fame of his idea—all vanished for a word.

One thing only, they say, bothers Jaques-Dalcroze.

Sometimes, they say, when sunset red sets mountain peaks to flaming on Lake Leman, he thinks of Louvain ablaze and the far glow of crumbling Rheims cathedral.

And he murmurs, in the style of Galileo:

"No, it's not eurythmics!"